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## Poetry.

For the Mercury,  
WHAT WE NEED.  
BY ELEANOR.

What do we need? More men, brave men to  
stand  
Stern upon the battlefield,  
Who never know, and never mean to know,  
What it implies to yield.  
Strong men to die, build the cannon wheel,  
Brave men to lead the van,  
Men sworn as one to lead, to win their cause,  
Or perish to a man.

"We need more men," we cry. Such men as  
stand  
Upon the sinking wreck,  
And stayed to send the last post from their guns  
While waves came o'er the deck;  
Priving themselves of king's imperial race,  
Of old Norse-king's blood,  
They kept their ensign bravely at its post,  
In spite of foe and flood.

We ask for such! Our North has poured them  
down  
Upon the Southern land,  
Nor stayed because her truest sons have made  
One graveyard of the sand.  
Brave men, true men, wise men. What need we  
more  
To touch the victory?  
Unless we call the bright stars in to fight,  
Or wild waves of the sea.

We need two men. Aye! men whose hands are  
white  
From forging link or chain;  
Two men, too, thoughtful of their hearts' best blood  
Could wash their nation's stain.  
Give free men, brave men. Freedom makes men  
brave,  
And we will win the land  
From Baltimore with all its crimson stones,  
Down to the Gulf States' sand.

OUR BANNER THERE.  
Though on Virginia's wasted soil  
Our heroes' blood is shed,  
And these we call our bravest ones,  
Are numbered with the dead.  
Their names shall still our watchword be,  
Enriched with the thoughts of liberty,  
For them our flag shall be unfurled,  
The pride and glory of the world!

Although Potomac's lovely banks  
Present a crimson hue,  
And the waters of that noble stream  
Change from their native blue,  
Our daring soldiers firm shall stand,  
Yes, proudly on their blood-bought land,  
And nobly there our flag shall be,  
An emblem still of liberty.

On the fields of Maryland  
Our noblest heroes fell—  
Their struggle for the victory  
Shall future ages tell.  
Then shall our dear banner wave  
A requiem to their Southern grave!  
Ours until time shall end,  
That sacred soil it shall defend!

Then soon shall peace her olive wand  
Bright o'er our country wave,  
And Freedom, conquering, rise  
Unconquered in the grave!  
Know that the darkest hour of night  
Is just before the morning bright,  
Which soon shall rise with gladdening ray,  
And bring us freedom's glorious day.

## Selected Tale.

From the Fall River News.  
JAMES GRAHAM—PRIVATE.  
BY SUSAN E. DE LAUNAY.

"We speak a few weak words; but the great  
heart's gone to God.  
They have fought with their swords—won our  
battles red with blood!  
While we sat at home, brave laurels for our land  
they went to win:  
And with smiles Valhalla lights as our heroes  
enter in."

It was over at last—the stormy inter-  
view, filled with stinging rebuke and cut-  
ting sarcasm, and hard, harsh words—and  
James Graham went out from his father's  
house, knowing there was no roof above  
his head save God's blue sky, no home on  
all the earth to which he held the shadow  
of a right.

If this troubled him, looking at his face  
you could not have guessed it, for the  
broad rim of the straw hat pulled down  
over the forehead screened the eyes com-  
pletely from any curious gaze, and the  
lips that sent forth "Vive L'America!" in  
an cheerful whistle, were little calculated  
in their expression to betray heart heav-  
iness.

Whatever knowledge of sin had come  
to James Graham in his twelve months'  
intercourse with the world, he had learned  
among worse things, one lesson that would  
benefit him all his life—to let the face tell  
no tales.

There in the open street he guarded his  
secret carefully, neither by word or look  
betraying anything of that dull, heavy  
heartache. But when beyond the blaze  
and glare of the daylight, the whistling  
came to a sudden death. The easy, care-  
less manner vanished. With a quick  
step he hurried on, and turning at last  
from the dusty highway, with a s-b that  
could not be choked back, went into the  
churchyard where his mother slept her  
sleep. Heaven help him. Homeless, pen-  
sive, motherless. Are there any reading  
this who know at heart what those three  
words mean?

Cool and damp the grass lay beneath  
his feet; green in its summer beauty—  
The early roses had bloomed and died a  
full month before, but the night air was  
heavy with the subtle perfume of the blo-  
soms or the mock orange tree and the  
sweet breath of the scented nightingale.

James Graham knew he should find no  
flowers on his mother's grave. When liv-  
ing, she had loved above all other blooms  
those of the field violet, and the little  
swaying bells of the lily of the valley, and  
dead, only those had been allowed to grow  
above her head. In the early spring-time  
this one grave, blue with the violets, white  
with the lilies, bloomed into perfect beau-  
ty, looking as if a piece of the April sky  
with its shimmering clouds had dropped  
softly down into the churchyard.

But now only the summer grasses waved  
there. In the night breeze the sword-like  
blades made a faint, rustling murmur that  
sounded like a welcome to James Graham.  
By the side of his mother's grave he sat  
down, pushed the hat back from his fore-  
head, and laid his cheek against the head-  
stone. How cold the marble felt! Just as  
did the last kiss she gave him seven years  
ago, the night she died. Oh that night!  
—how tightly she had held him in her  
arms saying over and over again:

"Be good, Jimmie, when mother is gone,  
Be very, very good. Be mother's brave  
boy, just the same as if mother was here.  
You will, darling, say you will."

With the red of his boy's cheek pressed  
to the ashen gray of hers, he had promised.  
How had he kept his word. With the first  
weird-like song of the syren sin, his senses  
had been charmed. The first waves of the  
enchanted hand he had followed blindly.  
To the first temptation that had as-  
sailed him, he had yielded without a strug-  
gle.

He had been brave, indeed. "Oh, very  
brave." He said this to himself with bit-  
ter emphasis, thinking how the past six  
months of his life had been spent.

A dissipated life; a shameful disrepu-  
tation, riotous life, his father had called it,  
and his father was right. Yet how differ-  
ently it all sounded compared with that  
one word, say on which he had so often  
rang the changes.

Well, he had sinned. No one knew that  
better than he did himself. But in no  
wise past atonement had he done wrong.  
He was young yet, and strong, and could  
be brave, and the years full of grand fu-  
ture to those who

"Have the will to dare  
And spirit thence to work their daring out,"  
lay before him. He would shrink from  
nothing that could give him honor. Turn  
from no thing that would bring renown.  
Once again the doors of his father's house  
should swing open to give him eager wel-  
come. He forgot, in the bright visions of  
the future, all of the stern realities of the  
dreary present.

Full of proud strength he sprang up.—  
But half way down the churchyard he  
suddenly stopped, and turning went back  
to his mother's grave.

Among its murmuring grasses he knelt  
down and putting both arms about the  
headstone tenderly as if it were a living  
thing, he kissed reverently each letter that  
formed that dear mother's name. Then  
he went away. A half hour later he stood  
in a recruiting office.

It was growing late, and the officer,  
Lieut. Mills, was quite alone. Looking  
up as James entered, and recognizing him  
as the son of rich old Mr. Graham, in a  
courteous tone he invited him to be seated.

"I thank you," was the quiet answer,  
but I came here to enlist, not to weary  
you with my company."

Lieut. Mills laid his hand on a large  
book before him, and smiling a little, said,  
"Is it your year, think you, to put  
your name here one moment, that the next  
hour you may find an ink mark drawn  
across it? You look surprised. You don't  
understand me. Well, see here."

He turned the leaves of the book slow-  
ly, showing on different pages name after  
name, a heavy ink line across them.

"Taken off the list, you perceive.—  
These minors make bad work for us when  
the parents choose to interfere. I know  
by your general appearance that you are  
under age. Have you the consent of your  
father and mother to become a soldier?"

James Graham answered slowly, with-  
out a trace of feeling in the voice:  
"I think so. My father disowned me  
three hours since. My mother, my  
own mother, went home to heaven seven  
years ago. In all the world there is but  
one who cares for me—a little sister seven  
years of age, born the night my mother  
died. I don't think you need have any  
fear of my name being erased."

"No, I should think not, was the reply.  
"It looks little like it at present. So lie  
in fact, that I am willing to register your  
name at once. William Graham, is it?"

"No sir, James Graham."  
"And age?"  
"Seventeen next month, sir."

The officer wrote it down, scribbled a  
few words upon a slip of paper, and hand-  
ed it to James.

"Take this, my son, to the recruiting  
house. Hand it to the proprietor and  
make yourself at home there until we start  
for Washington. We may start to-mor-  
row. Be here in the morning at an early  
hour. It will be necessary for you to go  
through with one drill at least before leav-  
ing."

James took the paper, thanked Lieut.  
Mills, and bidding him good night left the  
office.

Long after he had gone, Lieut. Mills,  
strangely interested in the boy soldier, sat  
there alone in his room, wondering by  
what manner of means Mr. Graham had  
come to the knowledge of his son's fast  
living.

Only that morning had the news of his  
son's dissolute life reached the father's  
ears. All day long that stern old man,  
white with rage, sat in his office with  
locked doors.

James was his only son. Forgive him,  
he would not. He might have done so  
had there been others to have borne the  
name on spotlessly. Now he never could.

In vain the vision of a fair haired wo-  
man with soft blue eyes stood before him,  
pleading for mercy for her boy. He re-  
membered how she had loved him—this  
gentle wife. How proud she had been of  
this boy—how his eye and cheek and brow  
had been covered with her kisses—with what  
a fond triumphant mother's look she had  
been wont to watch him, and how when  
dying, and the death glaze was creeping  
over the eyes, she had suddenly stretched  
out both her hands, and clutching his with  
lips fast purpling with the death cold.

"Our son, Oh, William, be just and  
merciful. He is a boy. Temptation will  
come. Have mercy, oh, have mercy."  
She was so near the gates of Heaven, he  
had no time to answer. Before he could  
the death glaze settled down forever in  
the eyes, and that strange still look that  
only the dead wear, lay over all the face.

Gone with that prayer for mercy for her  
boy upon her lips.

He had not forgotten this. He never  
could forget it; but he strove with all his  
might to thrust this vision from him.

family sitting room, quite alone, he found  
James waiting for him.

The confession of wrong doing, and the  
plea for forgiveness that was on his lips,  
never left him. An hour after the father  
entered, the son went out disowned, disin-  
herited. That night in the same city with  
his father, he slept beneath another roof.  
It was the first time in all his life he had  
done so. Was it the last?

The next morning, after going through  
the exercises, James Graham went to bid  
his sister good-bye.

It was somewhat past his usual dinner  
hour, but as he turned the corner of the  
street, on the massive granite steps that  
led up to his father's house, he saw Bessie  
standing, looking eagerly down the road  
watching for his coming. She saw him,  
and dancing and skipping in her sweet,  
childish fashion, went to meet him.

"I knew you would come," she cried  
joyously, "though it's half an hour past  
your time. What kept you so late, Jim-  
mie?"

"Business, little one."

The child laughed outright. "Why,  
that is father's word."

"And mine, now, Bessie."

They had reached the house, and she  
was springing up the steps when James  
stopped her.

"I'm not going in, little sister. I only  
came to say good-bye. To night I start for  
Virginia. Going to fight for the old flag,  
darling—the red, white and blue."

She turned quickly looking up in his  
face to see if he was not jesting with her.  
That one glance showed her how deeply  
in earnest he was. Her lips began to  
quiver. She put up her hands, saying,  
"Jimmie, oh, Jimmie," and that was all.  
The tears came so fast they choked other  
words.

He bent over her, smoothing her hair  
with soft, caressing movement, but it did  
not quiet her. At last he said:  
"Kiss me, little sister, and let me go.—  
If I could I would stay with you all the  
afternoon; but I cannot. Even now I  
ought to be at the hall. I must be there  
in half an hour. Kiss me, little one, and  
say that you will pray for me when I am  
gone. You won't forget me, Bessie?"

She gave no answer but tears, holding  
fast the little hand, and kissing it, and  
hugging him, as if she thought there  
was strength in the small child fingers to  
keep him at her side. It cut him to the  
heart to hear those choking sobs.

"Don't," he said, huskily. "You make  
me wish I had gone without seeing you."  
"Can't you smile just once, little sister.  
Kiss me and loosen your hold, for I must  
go. Indeed, indeed, I must. Bessie,  
Bessie, you are keeping me past my time."

The child held to him no longer. The  
fingers loosened their hold. She put up her  
dainty scarlet mouth, kissing him again,  
and again and again.

Then he took her in his arms, carried  
her up the steps, and opening the street  
door, set her down gently inside. There  
was nothing left for James Graham to do  
after that farewell, but to enter heart and  
soul into the spirit of the war. On that  
very night his regiment sailed for Wash-  
ington.

The days went on—the hot, scorching  
summer days—bringing rumors of many  
engagements, and at last, news of one  
great battle.

From city to city the tidings ran, and  
quivering lips and eager questioning eyes  
told the story of friends in the fray.

Mr. Graham, returning home passed the  
newsboys crying their papers, heard the  
generalities of the battle running off glib-  
ly from their tongues, without ever think-  
ing his son might have enlisted in the army  
—never once dreaming his own boy might,  
even then, be lying out under the pitiless  
sky, bleeding slowly to death. He had  
not heard of James since the night he shut  
his doors against him. He would not  
give himself time to stop and think of him.  
He went home with firm step. It in the  
eyes that he met, there were strange, pity-  
ing glances, he did not notice them, know-  
ing not what they meant.

Going into the house he saw Bessie at  
the table bending over a paper, some one  
had given her but a moment before.

The child lifted up such a white, scared  
face to his, that involuntarily his own took  
on a look of terror. She saw it, and  
creeping down from her chair, went up  
close to him, and in a frightened whisper,  
said:

"Read it, oh, read it. I can't spell it  
fast enough. Do read it, father, quick.  
It's something that Jimmie did. Oh, so  
brave. But it killed him. I know it killed  
him, father. Oh, read it."

Trembling in every limb the old man  
took the paper. On one side of the sheet  
was published a letter written by one who  
had been "hand-to-hand" with the enemy  
in the last engagement.

But as the command, charge bayonet  
rang in our ears, our color bearing giving  
a smothered cry of, tottered and fell  
forward dead at our feet. We saw it, and  
wavered. It was the first shot that had  
told home among the 'Twenty-Fifth,' and  
many faces brave enough before, grew  
white with fear as our comrades went down.  
There ran a tremor all along the line, but  
just in time to save it from breaking, Jas.  
Graham sprang from the ranks. Snatch-  
ing up the fallen flag he waved it defiantly  
in the very face of the foe, and with our  
general's command upon his lips—charge  
bayonet—dashed among the enemy. The  
act was like an inspiration. With a shout  
we rushed after him, driving back at the  
point of the bayonet the 'bold secession-  
ists.' We were successful that time, the  
later in the day they drove us back and  
compelled us eventually to retire."

So the letter ended. Nothing more to  
tell him if his boy was dead or alive,  
wounded or missing. Missing. He knew  
what that meant. In its lightest sense, a  
prisoner in the hands of the enemy—in its  
heavier, darker meaning, lying out on the  
field of battle, among heaps of dead and  
dying, under a burning sun—the brown  
clad dabbled in the red blood, fresh from  
the death wound of some fellow soldier—  
the eyes with that dreadful stare in them,  
the lips parched and swollen, every fea-  
ture sharp with pain, and that terrible  
struggle of life with death, this was miss-  
ing.

And he had done it all—shut his doors  
against his boy, and sent him to death—  
With a groan of anguish he let the paper  
fall from his hand. Was his boy dead or  
alive? What would he not give to have  
known at that moment even the worst.

There came a sharp ring at the door, a  
quick strong step in the hall. A middle  
aged man entered the room in which Mr.  
Graham sat, and handing him a telegram,  
said:

"It has been delayed for more than twenty  
four hours. In the next train, due in ten  
minutes, you may expect his remains.  
My old friend, what can I do for you?  
Shall I attend to this mournful business?"

"On the field of battle among the slain,  
we found the body of James Graham.—  
Remains to be sent home immediately."

"Highly, very thing. Oh God help me!"  
That next train brought the metallic  
coffin, containing the body of James Gra-  
ham.

The door of his father's house did in-  
deed swing open to receive him; but the  
closed eyes, never once uplifted, the folded  
hands did not move, the cold stiff limbs  
never once stirred.

In the stillness of his old home, with the  
golden haired child crouching close to the  
coffin, and the old gray-haired man bend-  
ing down over it, those stout "beards" left  
all that remained of James Graham, pri-  
vate.

Tide of the Sea Serpent.—They profess  
to be exhibiting, in London, a few thou-  
sand feet of the tail of the "American Sea  
Serpent," which, for so many years, has  
troubled the consciences of imaginative  
shipmasters, yarn-loving sailors, and mon-  
ster seeking showmen. It proves to be a  
mass of seaweed. This weed assumes im-  
mense proportions after certain oceanic  
commotions, and hence is mistaken for a  
marine leviathan. They now make it up  
into a substance called laminæ, and con-  
vert it into knife and razor handles, as a  
substitute for horn, ivory, &c. Poor sea  
serpent! to what base uses may we come  
at last! Little did we think that stern  
reality would make such a handle of you  
in your extremity. But 'such is life.'

A little French doctor had a patient  
who was poor pay, and after dunning the  
man until he was tired out, he one day  
got into a passion, and threatened him  
with the terrors of the law. "O, you can  
see me, if you please, but I tell you plain-  
ly if you do that, I will never pay you a  
cent." But that I will never pay you a  
cent! "But I will make you pay me, my  
sair, or I shall have satisfaction. I will  
kill you dead like von der berring!" "No  
you won't," replied the doctor, who did not  
understand that the doctor had meant to  
threaten a duel, "for I will never allow you  
to doctor me again!"

Two gentlemen were lately examining  
the breast of a plough on a stall in a mar-  
ket place. "I'll bet you a guinea," said  
one, "that you don't know what this is  
for!"

"Done," said the other, "it is for sale."  
The bet was won, and the wager paid.

A Gascon nobleman had been reproach-  
ing his son with ingratitude. "I owe you  
nothing," said the unfeeling young man, "so  
far from having served me, you have al-  
ways stood in my way, for if you had  
never been born, I should at this moment  
be the next heir to my rich grandfather."

A gentleman somewhat distinguished  
for the use of choice language, found fault  
with his padding, as having too much  
"caterie" in it, which the landlady took  
high dudgeon, declaring that she never  
used the article—indeed, there never was  
any in the house.

Unrecorded Heroes.—When the present  
war shall be over, what a glorious history  
may be written. Not that the world will  
teem with histories of it. But I speak not  
of great Generals and Commanders, who,  
under the inspiration of leadership, and  
with the magnetic eyes of the world upon  
them, shall have achieved their several tri-  
umphs; but of those who have laid aside  
the plow, and stepped from behind the au-  
vil, and the printing press, and the counter,  
and from out the shop, and with heaping  
purses, and without hope of reward, laid  
an honest heart and strong right arm on  
the altar of their country; some to ban-  
guish in prison, with undressed wounds,  
delaying taunts and insults, hunger and  
thirst, their places of sepulture even un-  
known, and their names remembered only  
at some desolate hearth-stone, by a weep-  
ing widow and orphan, and whose last  
pulse beat was "for their country."

By many a cottage fireside shall old men  
tell tales to wondering childhood, that  
shall bring forth their own precious har-  
vest; sometimes of those who, inclosed in  
meshes too cunningly woven to sunder,  
were hated handgates over loyal hearts,  
and with gnashing teeth and listening ear,  
and straining eyeballs, biding their time to  
strike! Men who planted, that the tyrant  
might reap; whose wives and children  
went hungry and shelterless that he might  
be housed and fed. Nor shall women be  
forgotten, who with quivering heart and  
smiling lip, bade God-speed to him than  
whom all her country was dearer, and  
turned bravely back to her lonely home,  
to fight the battle of life with no other  
weapon than faith in Him who feedeth the  
ravens. All these are the true heroes of  
this war; not alone they who have immo-  
nals presented, and if they die, pompous  
monuments erected, but the thousands of  
brave fellows who know, if they fail, they  
will have mention only among the "list of  
the killed and wounded." Who, untramm-  
elled by precedents, shall write us such  
a history?

How to Burn Coal.—At this season,  
when this important article of household  
fuel is so costly, it would be well to prac-  
tise the closest economy in its use. This  
is not, by any means, done; coal is either  
in the ashes. Nearly all, or at any rate,  
the greater part of our ranges and stoves  
have four doors, two large ones opening  
on the grate, and two smaller ones for less-  
ening the draft and putting in the fuel; now,  
when the fire is started in the morning, it  
should be built up in one end of the  
grate, the other being full of coal; by this  
means the amount of wood required (which  
has also increased in price) is much re-  
duced, and the coal ignites more quickly,  
the fire soon spreading to the green fuel  
first applied. When the stove is not in  
use for any especial purpose, such as bak-  
ing or roasting, rake the fire clean and fill  
the grate as full as it will hold, then close  
up the draft openings, oven and all, and  
throw the small doors wide open, the fuel  
is then slowly roasted away to ashes and  
a good, clear fire at all times readily ob-  
tained. By far too much fuel is thrown  
away in the ashes; buy a patent sifter and  
screen them, picking out all the refuse  
white clinders, &c., and you will be aston-  
ished at the result, fully one-third of the  
ashes may be rescued from the pile and re-  
consumed. These hints should not be  
neglected; we have tried them and know  
their value.

The World of Flowers.—If it were for  
me to direct how little girls and boys  
should be led to think of the wisdom and  
goodness and power of God, I think I  
should say, make them acquainted with  
the world of flowers. Let them be taught  
even while little children, to tell the com-  
mon names of flowers. Let them have  
little spots of ground or boxes of dirt in  
which to plant flowers, and take care of  
them. Let them gather wild flowers on  
hills, in valleys, over the meadows, in the  
woods, and along the brook. When old  
enough give them a cheap magnifying  
glass, and let them see the exquisite deli-  
cacy of form and structure and tints, and  
the dependence of each part upon the other,  
and all upon the soil and the shower  
and the sun, and so trace the whole to the  
wisdom and benevolence of Him who  
formed and produces them all.

"Coming Back."—What a world of  
comfort there is in these two words, when  
they signify the return of those we love.  
"He is coming back," says the wife of the  
patriot soldier who has fought the good  
fight valiantly, and received an honorable  
discharge. She kisses the letter that  
brings the happy tidings; she weeps tears  
of joy over its kind and tender words; she  
sleeps with it under her pillow, and by  
virtue of the amulet, sees with sealed eyes  
her hero, crowned with laurels, speeding  
to her outstretched arms; and when awak-  
ened by the rapture of the visioned meet-  
ing, whispers to herself, "Well, well, he is  
coming back; it will all be true to-mor-  
row." The coming back of children from  
school, of friends from distant lands, and  
of husbands, fathers, brothers, sisters, from  
visits of pleasure or of business, to the ex-  
hausted hearts at home—all, all are deligh-  
ful.

## Job Printing.

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P. A. THAYER, WM. MESSER.

## United States Laws.

OFFICIAL COLLECTION  
Passed at the Second Session of the Thirtieth  
Congress.

(Private No. 19.)  
AN ACT to punish and prevent the practice of  
Polygamy in the Territories of the United  
States and other places, and disapproving  
and annulling certain acts of the Legislative  
Assembly of the State of Utah.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Repre-  
sentatives of the United States of America in Con-  
gress assembled, That every person having a  
husband or wife living, who shall marry any  
other person, whether married or single, in a  
Territory of the United States, or other place  
over which the United States have exclusive juris-  
diction, shall, except in the cases specified in  
the proviso to this section, be adjudged guilty  
of bigamy, and upon conviction thereof shall  
be punished by a fine not exceeding five hun-  
dred dollars, and by imprisonment for a term  
not exceeding five years. Provided, neverthe-  
less, That the section shall not extend to any  
person by reason of any former marriage whose  
husband or wife by such marriage shall have  
been absent for five successive years without  
being known to such person within that time to  
be living; nor to any person by reason of any  
former marriage which shall have been dissolved  
by decree of a competent court, or to any  
person who was by any former marriage (who  
shall have been annulled or pronounced void  
by the sentence or decree of a competent court on  
the ground of the nullity of the marriage con-  
tract).

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the  
following ordinance of the provisional govern-  
ment of the State of Utah, so called, namely:  
"An Ordinance incorporating the Church of  
Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," passed  
February eight, in the year eighteen hundred  
and fifty-one, and adopted, enacted, and made  
valid by the governor and legislative assembly  
of the Territory of Utah by an act passed Jan-  
uary nineteen, in the year eighteen hundred  
and fifty-five, entitled "An act to amend an  
act to incorporate the Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter Day Saints," and to amend and amend  
the compilation and revision of the laws and  
resolutions in force in Utah Territory, their pub-  
lication, and distribution," and all other acts  
and parts of acts heretofore passed by the said  
legislative assembly of the Territory of Utah,  
which establish, support, maintain, shield, or  
countenance polygamy, be, and the same hereby  
are, disapproved and annulled. Provided, That  
this act shall be so limited and construed as  
not to affect or interfere with the right of prop-  
erty legally acquired under the ordinance, here-  
before mentioned, nor with the right "to wor-  
ship God according to the dictates of conscience"  
but only to small acts of civil disobedience, such  
as, maintaining, sheltering, or countenance the  
practice of polygamy, exactly defined spiritual mar-  
riages, heretofore designated by legal or extra-legal  
solemnities, sacraments, ceremonies, conse-  
crations, or other confidences.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That if  
shall not be lawful for any corporation or asso-  
ciation for religious or charitable purposes to  
acquire or hold real estate in any Territory of  
the United States during the term of this act,  
the territorial government of a private value that  
shall be forfeited to the government of the United  
States. Provided, That existing vested rights  
in real estate shall not be impaired by the pro-  
visions of this section. Approved, July 1, 1862.

(Private No. 127.)  
AN ACT to provide for additional medical of-  
ficers of the volunteer service.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Rep-  
resentatives of the United States of America in  
Congress assembled, That there shall be appoint-  
ed by the President, by and with the advice  
and consent of the Senate, forty surgeons and  
one hundred and twenty assistant surgeons of  
volunteers, who shall have the rank, pay and  
emoluments of officers of corresponding grade  
in the regular army. Provided, That the ap-  
pointment of such officers shall be subject to the  
approval of the Secretary of War, and under  
the act unless he shall previously have been ex-  
amined by a board of medical officers to be ap-  
pointed by the Secretary of War, and that volun-  
teers in the grade of surgeon, shall be filled by  
selection from the grade of assistant surgeon,  
on the ground of merit, and that the number of  
such officers shall not be increased in force  
only during the existence of the present rebel-  
lion.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That from  
and after the passage of this act, Brigade Sur-  
geons shall be known and designated as Sur-  
geons of Volunteers, and shall be attached to  
the general medical staff under the direction of  
the Surgeon General, and shall be subject to the  
appointment for the medical service of the  
army shall be appointed Surgeons of Volunteers.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That in-  
stead of "no assistant surgeon," as provided  
by the second section of the act of July 23,  
1861, each regiment of volunteers in the ser-  
vice of the United States shall have an As-  
sistant Surgeon. Approved, July 2, 1862.

(Private No. 166.)  
AN ACT to provide for the land claim in Cal-  
ifornia, known as the claim of Francisco So-  
beranes to a tract of land known as "San Juan  
de Santa Rita."

Whereas, in the district court of the United  
States for the Southern district of California,  
in the case of Francisco Soberanes vs. The  
United States, for the rancho known by the  
name of San Juan de Santa Rita, a decree of the  
fourth day of February, eighteen hundred and  
eighty, was entered confirming to the said  
Sober



These courts may have been for the restoration of peace in America. The time has not yet arrived when they shall think themselves justified to interfere on the score of humanity.

THE Providence Post has been shown a cable letter from Col. STEERE, of the Fourth I. V., which represents him at Philadelphia. Monday last, still prostrated by his wound. The ball, which entered just above the hip-joint, has not been extracted, and there are no indications of the wound's healing.

arrived in our harbor Thursday morning for the purpose of procuring a supply of coal. It left New York Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock.

constitution and save us from anarchy; that  
will restore to us hostile States and estran-  
gled hearts; that He will prosper all our worth-  
while enterprises and labors; and that He will

THE CORCORAN Legion is about to leave Ison Island direct for the field of duty. The gion now numbers about 8000, past already the field.

THE WAY UNCLE SAM'S BLANKETS GO. A young lady went to Washington several weeks ago to visit her husband, who is in the army and while stopping at the hotel she observed that the blankets upon the bed had been

published in California, the product of silver that rich country is immense. It learns a pretty reliable source that the Ophir company is shipping weekly, from their works in Nevada country, the sum of \$79,000 in bullion. Some weeks it amounts to nearly \$100,000 value. At this rate the yield of the mine probably reach the sum of three million

[illegible]



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